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She had lov'd him well and long,  
Wish'd him her's nor thought it wrong.  
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,  
Still he heard her light foot nigh;  
East or west, where'er he turned,  
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom east,  
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;  
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er  
Woman's smile can haunt him there.  
But nor earth, nor heaven is free  
From her power, if fond she be;  
Even now, while calm he sleeps,  
Cathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

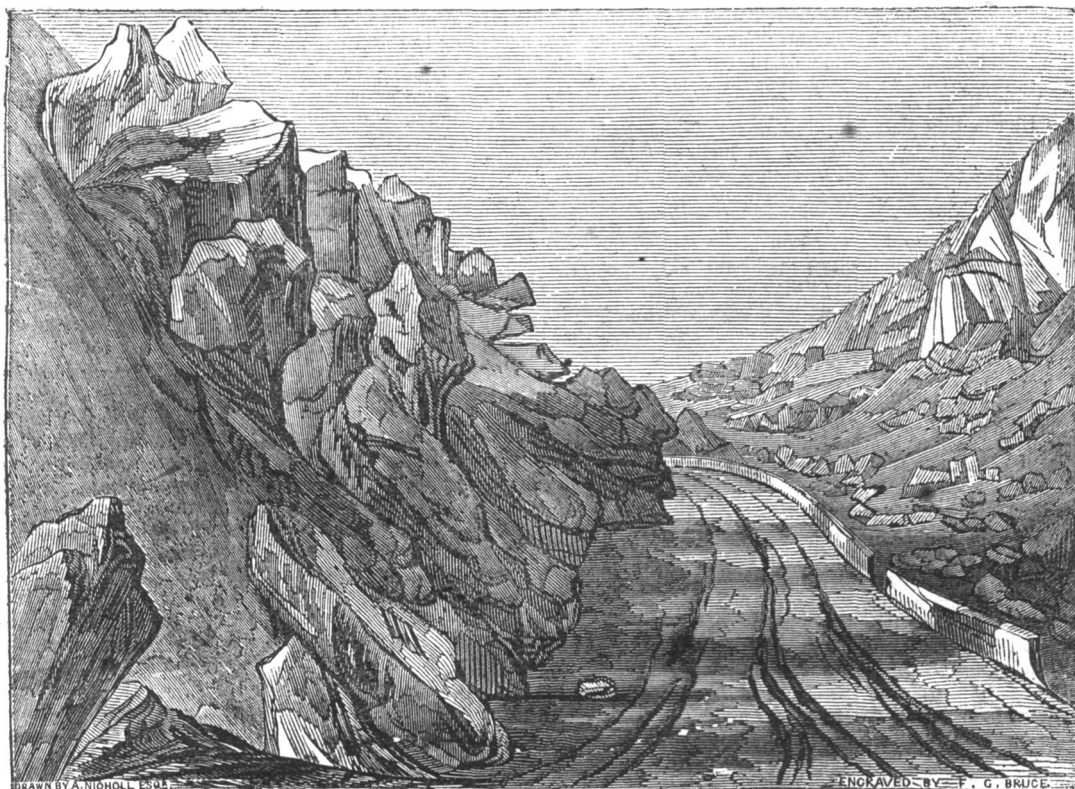
Fearless she had tracked his feet,  
To this rocky wild retreat!  
And when morning met his view,  
Her mild glances met it too.  
Ah! you saints have cruel hearts!  
Sternly from his bed he starts,  
And with rude repulsive shock,  
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave  
Soon was gentle Cathleen's grave.  
Soon the saint, (yet ah too late,)  
Felt her love and mourn'd her fate.  
When he said, 'Heaven rest her soul!  
Round the lake light music stole;  
And her ghost was seen to glide  
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

"The reader is now probably content to quit Cathleen, St. Kevin, and Glendalough, and will be disposed to pardon the numerous fables brought within his view, when he is informed, that no where else have they a collective existence."

Such is the description which our guide gives of the valley of Glendalough, and as our readers must by this time have perceived that the little volume not only furnishes a faithful directory to the beauties of Wicklow, but is also replete with legends and stories connected with the places it describes, we feel it unnecessary to pen a line in the way of recommendation. The work possesses this advantage over the generality of guide books, while it must prove extremely interesting to those who purpose making the tour of Wicklow, it may be read with pleasure and satisfaction by the fireside among the social circle. With the exception of one little volume, "The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North of Ireland"—(and we must of course at all times be admitted to make this exception, being ourselves personally concerned)—the present Guide Book to the county of Wicklow is the best thing of the kind we have ever seen.

We have noticed one or two trivial errors with regard to the present proprietors of demesnes and resting places on the road, but these do not materially affect the general accuracy of the work; they should be carefully looked after in future editions. The volume contains several well executed engravings, from one of which we have copied the design in our first page.



THE SCALP, COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

In our 82d number, already referred to, will be found a correct description of this very extraordinary natural pass through the mountains which divide the counties of Dublin and Wicklow. "It is situated about two miles from Enniskerry, on the road to Dublin. The opposite hills appear to have been rent asunder by some tremendous convulsive shock, and being composed of granite strata, the internal structure, when exposed to view, presents the secret recesses of nature in an awful and appalling point of view. Enormous masses

of granite, many tons in weight, are tossed about in the most irregular manner, and so imperfect and unfinished was the effort of nature in creating this gulf, that the opposite sides of the pass are distant only the breadth of a narrow road from each other; in some places enormous masses actually interrupt the continued regularity of the limit of the road."

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.